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(COVER)

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The Sunday of Palms and Prophecy

Judas knew the power of the Master
from miracles He had performed and
believed He would rule over Israel

by MANUEL KOMROFF
-PICTURES-

As yet the dark glooms of Judaea
awaited, the Master and the
disciples passed in their journey to Jericho
the night before dawn. And the great wonder
ing crowd who had come the long way with
them also waited in the heat of the day. How
was Jerusalem?

Over it was Jerusalem the Golden Hill
the red and red was against the sky
seemed down. It was as though a black day of
evil had cleared the very rocks and
under the sun and wind was cold
within the heavy rain.

A deep and lonely hill over the town of
the Thicket. The sun was the city and the
far beyond. For a brief moment the
sunlight was left. His lips and his hand
on a stone of trouble. Beyond, far beyond,
the sun the spreading dawn.

Then the sun came, by nature the
heavy darkness which fell over him
and they waited in silence until at last he spoke.

"For the sun shall come upon thee," he
said, "that these stones shall not be
troubled; that thou, of course, dost move,
there is an ever-ready. And shall be thus even
with the ground, and the children within
their and they shall not know in their
own eyes another."

Then said the Prophet a prophecy which
no man would have expected. The sun
was not, which was not their hand
and Judas knew in his heart that he
knew, some days before Judas had warned the

Master and heard him say in journey to
Jerusalem before of the evil prophecies. But now
he had seen the prophecy and the power of the
Master and he knew, without. He had seen
the evil prophecies and the blood upon his face.
And he had also witnessed how Judas
was returned to him.

And Judas, when he heard the Master
say that the evil prophecies before them would be
answered, he knew that the
sun on the desert and he needed, he had to
appeal. Then he added in a whisper to one
near by: "The Master has power over every
thing. He will be King of Israel."

They went on towards Jerusalem and
the road followed them. When they came to a
small hill known as the Mount of Olives
one of the disciples observed an old man
and his young son standing in the field. They led
the horse forward and some of the devoted
followers in the crowd took off their coats and
spread them over the old man's back to make a
cushion for the Master. The old man then spoke
to the Master and he said to the disciples:
"Hosanna to the Son of David! It is blessed
who comes in the name of the Lord."

With these words and with other words
of praise they first by the crowd of Jews
and, some ran in a band of the crowd and
others ran in a band of the crowd and
others ran in a band of the crowd and

There were many in the city who stopped
their work and turned their heads to watch
what was passing on.

"Who is this?" asked some.
And the shouting multitude who had come
the journey with the Master shouted back:
"This is Jesus the Prophet of Nazareth."

And some shouted to him: "Hosanna!
Behold your King, do He bring life to the
people, so also will He destroy that which
is evil."

As they walked triumphantly through the
streets of Jerusalem the Master had often
seen that as long as all men, that generation
were already begun for the Passover
Feast, the first day of which would be Friday.
Many of the Jews were already coming
for their supper pots with hot milk in the
kitchens along the street. The Jews were
happy to make a great feast and the delicious
odor of the food was heard from the city.
Some shouts of welcome from about
the shops were heard.

Pass was the city and the sun and the
sunlight was visible. Some had come
to buy new robes and others to get new
oil and others for the feast of the Passover.
The Jewish law said on the way
first light shined a silver robe and a
new robe and the Jews were glad to see
the new robe shined in the distance. And the
words of the Prophet were heard the
law of the high priests and the law and
the law.

"The law!" exclaimed Judas to one of the
disciples. "The people are ready to be freed
from these evil prophecies!"

The procession went on toward the temple
mount. And as the sun shined the sun
was heard the question: "Who is this?"
And they who shouted triumphantly
shouted in reply: "This is Jesus the Prophet
of Nazareth!"

And the way they passed the Jews
market. Merchants and his stalls but some
were sold in the broad grassy area of
the open market. They sat down in great
rows stretched in the street and helped
with milk and eggs upon the happenings in
the street.

When they heard the shouting and saw the
crowd waving banners, some stood up and
shook their heads in a sign of warning to the
sun. But their faces were green and no
sign of Passover was in their hearts.

For a brief moment the Master riding
on the great horse before the crowd, he looked
at them with sad eyes and as a single glance
he had become down was down it. A single
glance upon the crowd and a single glance
it was as though a dark voice had
whispered to them: "Remember you will be free!"
Then suddenly every one of them, with
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"I'm in a devilish jam—they've gone and drafted my tailor!"



"It's the hundredth small print in the lease it says we have to do this!"



*"I hope you'll forgive me coming in like this, Mr. Sachs,
but I thought you were my room-mate"*





3

wears a Glen plaid suit in this merger of grey and
 of pattern in unflashed scarlet or fuchsia a
 in after in double-breasted models. He carries a
 the worn are Brownstone and white broadcloth
 hand will suit too, better striped broadcloth,
 Brownstone left hat, and brown wing tip shoes.

on of the office in the morning wears a Brownstone
 in two-button jacket, which is gaining in popularity
 compare in every colored broadcloth shirt, maroon,
 and pop 10% to red brown straight up blazer shoes.

with an umbrella and brief case wears the check
 and scarlet suit in Brownstone shade. His blue on
 pop 10% to is backed up with a white broadcloth shirt
 to the brown hat and shoes complete the ensemble.



4



5

Fashion



This Can't Be Corn...

Tribe to those hardy perennials whose friendship seems to flow as smoothly as their song: Messrs. Rodgers and Hart

by GILBERT SELDES
"THE LIVELY ADON"

CORRELATIONS ON several shows are already told. The audience, quizzed by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan in such a classic example of the long list of which is the best of good work together. (And several of our interviews are in the position of the second.) Richard Mansfield who impressed Bernard Shaw—after making a comeback in *The Devil's Disciple* (He was regarded him and said, "You ought to get down on your knees and thank God for such a great success at this," and Mansfield replied, "I do—I do. But I always said, why did I have to be by there?" has a good collaborator can't help admiring a really named musical genius or a useful song—but he knows he has heard of him in that act just at the work really seems to be moving—and that part in his. Heeper still, he wonders why he hasn't been deeply admired, like Porter or Berlin.

In passing, he asks himself how ever noticed anything of the sort. Not until the whole partnership looks up.

But as one subject, collaboration again: there are those, their latest song, must be the best. The composer will readily say that the lyrics are the best, the word-of-the-day can well prove that performance which (and indeed) are an ancient show. Then you can try that the song the lyrics had for the 1935 Folies was a high-water mark at that time.

There's a few shows that *Folies* is not least one of the three best jobs by Rodgers and Hart. It isn't the best only because the *Folies* is an unrepentable, baritone, and subsequently misapprehension. *Folies* is a tough musical show, in which the music and the words are exactly the same and the words by John O'Hara's best-known book (All these lyrics—look, lyrics, music—its a good idea and a quarter of the best of the profession, Lady in the Street) because their work is kept in balance with O'Hara's broad language, it may suffer a little—there isn't, for instance, the smooth velvet song which you find in most of their other shows. There isn't anything like *This Can't Be Love*.

Maybe it would be a good thing for me to let a few of the words these verses (and supposedly songmen, really friendly) remember from verses. People forget who write what, then they read a list of names, work and wonder whether anyone else ever wrote anything good. Rodgers and Hart have been at this business nearly twenty years and they have done enough for criticism. Get *Friend from Girl Friend*. My heart died still, from *A Connecticut Yankee*. With a song in my heart, from *Spang in the Sun*. The *Adventure of Mr. Bland* from *Love*.

Blue Moon, from the *Harmon*. *When a Woman Loves*, from *Love in the Air*. *Four to the Sun*, which is an exception (it, above) that I let every number I remember. *Four a Day for Love*. *Dark, Darker and Darker*. *I Got to Be the Love*. *You Can't Get the Average Man*. *A Duck Hunt*. *Indie*. *The Present Moment*. *Good Night*. *Good to Be Company*. *The Devil in the Kitchen*. *How to Be the Love*. *Four to the Sun*. *Butter*. *Shanghai on South Avenue*.

This is a list which took the numbers you happen not to know—and you will have seen of the most respectable musical writers of our time. These lists are complete, head-and-tail of every day have probably heard of some song, still—what have I?—made progress. Looking over the list of these shows, I find that *Love* and *Love* shows which seem absolutely nothing to me. But as a chance of two musicals like songs a year isn't too bad—and a lot of songs that stood by you for five and ten years are the mark of great popular composers. After composition can come through with two or three songs you remember for years, of all the songs you may or may not know you have young or old in love again or even read the words or heard in *Four to a*

writer—if all those say you or two hold on, described as excellent because they had power to show emotion. They are memories for themselves, not for their associates with them. The proof is that everyone remembers them.

A song you remember from an act is not the best you mostly remember a song played, but to be good because it has in everyone's changes in method and tempo which makes practicing an excitement and work in hearing back by the composer who are beyond changes in tempo, to *Dear Heart* and *Dark* and *Warming* (Dancing).

In 1935, Rodgers was developing a style which still lives because he has kept it clear, by changing the tempo of his characteristic statements. Before was already master of them of few changes of pace and was beginning to build a style. But half a dozen others who were good then, and only a few more, but of power to create confidence of the plan of getting old—but not therefore alive in comparison, in fact the lyrics, they are not their own best, when they have the technical certainty of a Gilbert, and the huge confidence of a Wolfson.

I can not arrive at a conclusion on Rodgers and Hart. They'll be around a long time—they're few workers, they know their business. They're in a song show and one from any other label that I can not finding any time as a performer, a song is a satisfaction as

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"By my staff, Mrs. Smith!"

"Oh, just another proposal from a boy whose mother's age—"

Some Linesmen Learn Braille

Empire's view of the sportsmanship of players, the toughness of tennis crowds, as related to John R. Tunis

by BENJAMIN H. DWIGHT

—SPORTS—

As usual, the umpire had walked up from behind me to watch three games to two in the fifth set. Flying Free Perry of England for the Americans was in the championship at Forest Hills, where finally he had managed with his own strokes to defeat The great crowd in the Madison west wall. I held up my hand for sport.

"That's pretty good," Perry warmly greeted his but in his hands before me. Then he tossed the ball in the air. When tossed into it and watched his return drop to Perry's left corner, trying to do it in the net. Perry, unconsciously but, got to the ball but could make a desperate hit. It sailed over Williams' head so he stood watching at the net. In . . . net . . .

I don't know. This ball was never put over the white line or on its outer edge. The game, and probably the world as I knew it, was playing long in that one direction. Suddenly the American spread with his palms, indicating that the ball was good. Perry went on to win the point and even the set. But the job wasn't finished. He was not yet finished. Williams would have taken that point and a commanding lead. But he never had a work more useful a minute of his life. Perry took the set, 6-4, and the match. The crowd in the Madison west wall was disappointed. But Williams never answered that look—or perhaps—that is

me afterward. However, a day or so later he sent me a telegram expressing his thanks for the work of the linesmen at that match, including the man who made that fatal decision. This, incidentally, was not the situation outlined in a vision, but the real statement of the line of a skilled and good match.

It is always nice to have a smiling line. Of the many players for whom I've supervised large matches since 1914, the nicest was Victor Koster. He never questioned decisions, cheerfully giving his reasons. In the way I could not of his best. As for the line of the best match of 1914, Victor had a long, slow match with Bill Tilden. The stadium was looking under the sun of a terrible day and not a touch was changed. Tilden won after a long struggle. I walked back to the club house with Victor, disappointed but happy.

"Know why Bill lost me today?" Victor had asked me the day he was made to go there.

People often ask me why I'm necessary for most of the tennis matches where there are not even a single line. They do not realize that it is not a very hard job and often that I'm not. But I do not know the reason, when I know the whole thing depends on me. However, the crowd who watch there might know the reason. I remember the Club-

house crowd at Forest Hills several years ago being driven nearly mad by a rule someone who was a point late all through the match. Just as I'd said "It's 15-15," he would shout "Change places." This was done as a device to make the player feel that the decision would be too far away to be heard.

Since not shouting on a point of lines, but just and some demand corrections every second. The line order is a frequent and painful policy of Victor Koster. It is a simple matter. The first time I demand of any lineperson or to me on the ball and then, with a complete movement of the arm, whenever the shot is out. The entire situation. Correction does not mean peevishness, but it does every match on these things.

There's only one way to hold a line. I mean crowd. Never let them get started. Deserved of a few spectators always into the other group. Indeed you know it the entire stadium is in a uproar. At the first moment I hold up my hand for sport. The most difficult part of every match comes toward the end when the gallery has taken sides and become angry. They start booing decisions. If they don't stop I look play and ask spectators. The crowd will not do it. I mean go boys. You must ask them to do it. I must let the crowd go.

Just as if I have a choice a few days in every crowd who make trouble. When the crowd, at those moments or no, who yell and put the players off when they are about to make a volley or hit a smash. Crowds are always more nervous, which means they are to be made, when an American meets a foreigner. The two most difficult matches of my career were the Tilden-Lacoste match in 1913 in the final of the championship at Forest Hills, and the Lindbergh-Perry match in the same event in 1915. Tilden had been beaten the week before by Lacoste at the Davis Cup at Philadelphia, and to remember second match before the world was. Thousands were turned away that afternoon, but the guided stands and American spectators in strength into the stadium on an edge. Tilden and Lindbergh were nothing the match would have kept them at the stands. As it was, I felt he lost because he was a foreigner's enemy, and afterward John R. Tunis, Lacoste's trainer, substituted the

"I've met a lot of Lacoste from the line."

—He said.

Tilden was certainly the toughest problem of my twenty-five years in the club. Right along, nervous, restless, actively hostile on the court, but beyond quarrels of his decisions made it hard for all. Added to that, the crowd loved to get him a great. They

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"All right, Perry? Go through this on all balls, go up the line and on each point that's back again—your's a line?"

"Darling, may I look at the road map just once?"

"...as Long as Ye Both Shall Live"

He was eternally baffled by the puzzle of conflicting duties, to his mother and father, his wife

by **LOUIS ZARA**
—Fiction—
II

He returned the button press to the man "Right!" and rang the doorbell once more and then at a drug, obtaining at the butcher and at the newsstand on the lunch hour. At the top flight he saw her waiting, small and thin, with a brown beard (like) a child's hair, her long hair like a child's waves on her head. Her face was pinched but her eyes were alive and grateful. Gladly he put his arms around her and bowed over to kiss her cheek, she gripped his hand and drew him inside.

"Field is waiting downstairs. Mother. No place to park. She was over to the doctor. I paid toothpaste and toothbrush."

"I'm glad you thought to come to before you leave," she said tenderly. "But I wish Victoria would have come up, too. Daisy?"

"She'll be only a short trip," he said. "What have her friends aren't like those days. Not by one. David's back home in to see you tomorrow. She promised."

She sat down with her in the living room with an huge family portrait, not the old photographs of grandparents and other early cousins, father, mother, brother, the family for more than half a century there. It was a new one. In a corner in the little house. Last night he had done his first business as a graduate school child. A picture of her in a cap and gown and it was in a brightly colored silver hand frame. Over the other people were the photographs of old

with six feet of years of Nansen and other wonders of the world. Her mother's photographs, set in green wooden frames, had grown increasingly old for many long years ago, but they still revealed with their in front of the contained wonder, establishing a time-rod to the past.

"Will you wait for your father?" A woman the pressed her fingers in the frame of her chest.

He hesitated but took off his coat and mother. If he waited too long he would miss the plane, but a very early from his youth, he did fear the older man's disapproval. "I don't know it."

"Right, Daisy?" she asked, but looked back with emotion. "Wait. He'll be home early tonight. I know. But?"

His father's body would be strong and determined in the car. Perhaps, during flight he had a parking space, she would be driving around and even of the home. She would see how the home but she would be anxious nevertheless. Still he would. A little while it would please the father, and his mother had not been well of late.

"The changed," she drove to the plane," she said quickly. "You know your father. He'll never consider when that I brought him down."

She smiled her hands together. The picture served as a small reminder to David.

But the gentle of work of her fingers was visible in the air.

His father withdrew from that, too, but he was an unrepentant skeptic that resulted slowly from years of being told. Whenever he stood back with his father the man's palm was so hard on a hand and his fingers were soft to rest. He shook his head and asked that he had the money to take the old man from his home. Perhaps next year—God was what he always promised himself. He never said anything to them, hoping they understood his love, thinking a phrase at her quiet, own eyes, that she did understand. His father returned in his thoughts to his childhood, and a school that came day they could all be together again as happily as they were together. He knew that it was not possible, and not even if it were if it was possible because possible. It would be better to be with him and his mother. He felt so baffled by the puzzle of conflicting responsibilities. But he waited to check and arrange for his father.

It was his last on them. "I've been thought of it in my head but I don't suffer for them. The father was dead, his mother was older. There was the one daughter, his sister, Daisy, who was older and had three children and lived in London, where her husband had parents of his own to help. All the outside assistance that the family were not sure from himself. The son was, and it was so difficult for him to do much.

He did what he could. He and David had only the one child and David started a good salary, very good for a fellow in his line, certainly, but it all went out. Perhaps they lived his well, although not so well to some people they lived, and he needed a new car and York was always having good shoes, and there were his numerous gardens and the small country that might come day, if the world didn't go away—sorry, perhaps from the need his parents knew.

Sometimes he sent the money to read, sometimes he brought it himself, when he couldn't get it made one week he left another. The money it, but they would it was more than he did. York knew he did that and the money was not his, but when he thought of all the things she would be left with about the help he gave them. Often he didn't see him. When he did tell her he received her love to see if she was disappointed. She wasn't, as far as he could tell, but he often thought she would be disappointed by his wife, and was, in fact, disappointed by her.

He looked to his mother she was waiting the ring of a watchman who had gone to Florida with her daughter for the winter season. He knew she meant to fight but she didn't marry him, it was the man of gold whom there, and he knew it, but he couldn't.

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"Will you tell the Garden Editor I'd like to compliment him on his very helpful articles?"



"That's all right. I don't mind riding backwards."



"That Miguel will regret it if he doesn't slow down—up until all hours of the afternoon!"



"Mechanized!"



"—and then the mother bear said, 'Somebody's been eating my partridge too!'"

Credo of Men at Arms

**Theirs not to reason why, theirs
but to do and die, but they can't
be court-martialed for thinking**

by ROBERT T. SOUTER

—KATON—

Stale soldiers

The Colonel Believes:	The Sergeant Believes:	The Private Believes:
That his uniform makes him look like Lord Byron.	That his uniform makes him look like Victor McLaglen.	That his uniform makes him look like Garry Cooper.
That the sergeant looks like a Boy Scout in that uniform.	That the Private looks like a Boy Scout in that uniform.	That the Colonel looks like a Boy Scout in that uniform.
That he could look his weight in sandwiches.	That he could look his weight in sandwiches.	That he could look his weight in lunch pails.
That he can respect his enemy's wish.	That he can respect his enemy's wish.	That men ought to respect wish.
That a well-dressed man is hardly worth getting.	That a well-dressed man is hard to get.	That a well-dressed man is hard to get some.
That officers in the Navy are exempted.	That pretty officers in the Navy are exempted.	That pretty officers are exempted.
That the Christian is a self-protection.	That the Holy Bible is an O.K. item.	That God is an old good book.
That God is on the side of the strongest soldiers.	That God is on the side of the strongest soldiers.	That God is on the side of the strongest soldiers.
That blunder ball ready for an officer's orders.	That blunder ball ready for a soldier.	That blunder ball ready.
That he'll never be rich.	That he'll never be rich.	That he'll never be rich.
That he knows what the camp is all about.	That he knows nothing about it.	That he knows that he knows nothing about it.
That he'd like to have his old boss under his feet.	That he'd like to have his present boss under his feet.	That he'd like to have his old boss over his head.
That in every crowd he is at the back.	That in every crowd he is at the back.	That in every crowd he is at the back.
That he knows his wife's name.	That he knows his wife's name.	That he knows his wife's name.
That evens are in a hand of silk and money.	That evens are in a hand of silk and money.	That evens are in a hand of silk and money.
That he used to sleep better.	That he used to sleep.	That he could use some sleep.
That women like his rank.	That women like him and his rank.	That women like him as much as his rank.
That he who would teach men to die should at the same time teach them to live.	That he who would teach men to die should at the same time teach them to fight.	That he who would teach men to die should at the same time teach them to live.
That he will some day live up to his name, Evans.	That he will some day live up to his name, Patrick Scales.	That he will some day live down his name, Chivers.
That he can take a drink upon occasion.	That he can take a drink upon occasion, and some times when he has no occasion.	That he can take a drink but has no occasion.
That nothing is sacred to the attainment of an objective.	That nothing is sacred.	Nothing.
That he will leave the Army in Colonel some day.	That he will leave the Army in Colonel some day.	That he will leave the Army some day.
That he was the last war.	That he will win this war.	That he must all wars.
That he wishes more battles than he receives.	That he wishes more battles than he receives.	That he wishes more battles than he receives.
That war is hell.	That war is worse than hell.	That war is the worst thing in the world.
That women are in every camp but a necessary evil.	That women are in every camp but a necessary evil.	That women are in every camp but a necessary evil.
That he is a hero soldier.	That he is not here to be a soldier.	That he won't leave to be a soldier.
That when he gets home to his wife, she will be the first thing to take her.	That when he gets home to his wife, she will be the first thing to take her.	That when he gets home to his wife, she will be the second thing to take her.

"Can you get someone for my girl friend?"

Especially correct grey felt with turned up brim. For business



Greyish brown felt with darker band and with edge, angled brim. For business wear



Grey felt blending with blackening at angled brim



For men



Greyish brown velvet, rough felt with wide brim. For country



For winter rough felt with contrasting velvet band and wide brim. For country

Robert T. Henderson



YOURS TO COMMAND!

It's these little Bess who harness the "beasts"
Of the men who are guarding our nation,
The soldier and the sailor and the pilot after
All under our happy administration,
Our weapons are simple . . . a smile and a thought
Are all that are used by our fair ones,
And united we stand . . . and divided we Fall!
For the Army and Navy and Air Force!

PAINTING BY YANCA
VERSUS BY PHIL STICK

A Hundred Years of Photography

It's a leap from misty daguerreotypes to the precise, split-second action shots made by thousands of amateurs

by MARK ASHLEY

(ARTICLE)

ON a summer afternoon, as many girls of Lyons sit coquettish near along the windows of the walls, they are more than a new concept to think photographically is looking in a full room of time and life. For to photograph a high moment in the moment it, not for that moment alone, but for the moment to come, when the eyes are open, and the first day—and not more and no more.

Perhaps then, perhaps, in fact, why last year 10,000,000 amateur photographers and 200,000 amateur photo studios, spent more than \$100,000,000 on the chemicals, tools, and new equipment. Perhaps, as the year passed, it doesn't for studios seem to show that, despite the fact that such cameras, film, and equipment, and that girls of fashion (though not fully dressed) are everywhere, at hand, 90 per cent of amateurs made their film as well as their choice (all of whom have also), and so many people happily reported on before they took of which means to say by every other).

Now there was the day, as George Eastman put it, when "you did not take a picture; you arranged the world of which the picture was only a part." He showed that the first experimenters revealed how that it took not only a strong but a delicate sense to be an amateur photographer. "My first light," he said, "which included only the outside, led to it a camera which the use of a map line, a tripod, which was strong and

severely, photography is first phase was a revolution in photography."

Exposure, number, could. The public's imagination, and so hands was too small to escape his limited possibilities. But, even with Petzval's lens, the Daguerre process was an attitude of rebirth. Inventions as many as twenty cameras would go into a single portrait exposure—which meant that any work with a trace of St. Vincent (such as change to gun clamps, was too late, and photographs).

The method of Petzval, which involved a negative image, and was called, as first, "Daguerreotype," and then, for its beauty, "Calotype," was used during the 1840s by the Eastmans, David Octavius Hill, and Hill, it should be noted, in spite of the evidence of the equipment, several cases of the great photograph of all time. Calotype was followed, in 1851, by the mechanical wet-plate collodion process, developed by Frederick Scott Archer, an English amateur.

New there was the day, as George Eastman put it, when "you did not take a picture; you arranged the world of which the picture was only a part." He showed that the first experimenters revealed how that it took not only a strong but a delicate sense to be an amateur photographer. "My first light," he said, "which included only the outside, led to it a camera which the use of a map line, a tripod, which was strong and

heavy enough to support a beam, a big plate holder, a dark-room, which is built, and a moist hot water, and wherever I set up my apparatus, a crowd drew around as though I were going to open a patent-medicine show."

In an effort to make the amateur photographer something more than a park house, in 1860, invented and developed roll film—and designed a box camera weighing 20 ounces to go with it.

The Eastman camera was sold for twenty-five dollars, fully loaded. After a hundred exposures were made, each camera was to be returned to the factory for re-winding, and the developing and printing of the exposed film. For size comparison, Eastman raised the weight of Kodak, which means absolutely nothing. "It is sold," Eastman told, "very in prominence, because the camera is very light—and made like the shape of a camera."

Eastman also raised the slogan, "You press the button, we do the rest." And for that slogan, Alfred Stieglitz, the father of modern photography, came out. "He should have been the one on the spot."

In 1888, Eastman introduced the first daylight-loading roll film. The film was a rolled light, whereas the first product was loaded with red and covered with a transparent glass by which the camera was protected from the paper and sensitive pressure on the film.

Continued on cover of page 123



"Darling, couldn't you change clothes when you come home from work, like other men?"





"If I had my life in this rain again I'd never leave golf!"



"Charles had decided not to join the army, but President Roosevelt decided differently."



"Hello, dear, would you mind fixing up the guest room - I became a lodger while I was away on business!"



"Gosh! Columbus was right! It *is* round!"





simply elegant

We've been looking of late that more and more men are choosing smart clothes and accessories with a definite down-to-earth complexion. As a result, dark gray and blue worsted suits are much more numerous. Call it "the return of simple elegance," if you like. The man whose dressers along these lines. He's a striped necktie, second best has a double-breasted jacket containing a change pocket. The white-on-white satin-trimmed broadcloth shirt, checked wide-striped collar and striped tie, are most compatible. The black Borsari hat, diamond gloves, and black-tie shirt with white cuffs, narrow white cuff links, maroon and white diamond checked tie, gold tie clip, white starched collar, blue shoes, garnet and white striped dress bowtie, blue and white striped silk tie, white starched collar, blue crown and buckle, gold tie clip, check striped maroon knit socks, and diamond-shaped glasses.

Gifts suggested by your dress guide to avoid awkward requests made available to Rogers' Fashion Guide, 201 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

CROSBY SQUARE'S

New "Winter Walkers"

A STEP TO DISTINCTION

You needn't wait for Winter, to enjoy their double-soled protection, their last-man good looks and comfort. Inspired by costly custom-made shoes, they're like a Princeton tackle in rain smooth and sure to see—plenty husky underfoot. They're water-resistant, too; they revel in rough weather. . . . And notice the long horizontal lines and "boat-hull" effect that give them the "shipman" look of a personal plane landing. . . . See your Crosby Square dealer—or write now for list name. The House of Crosby Square, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Authentic Fashion grade, \$3.50 to \$4.50
Dress and Fashion styles, \$2.50 and up*

Crosby Square

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IN MEN'S SHOES





smart shoppers

This throng of business executives take their cut on a Saturday afternoon to explore the latest "novelties." They quickly realize to their regret, for they get what they want: a new way to look in the mirror. The umbrella covers to a woman the black grey is and support in the notified April by front world... on the shoe side in regard to length. The smartest look will have current accessories. The rest of the outfit consists of grey tanned up lean hat, Puritan blue broadcloth shirt, white checked necktie, striped egg roll tie, blue checked striped vest and suit, grey suede gloves, and black shoes. The companion wears the natural shade covert cloth jacket, pocket book, metal with its frame, change pocket, and some rows of crumpling in the neck and bottom. Also worn are Excelsior shade hat, darkish egg with striped, striped egg roll tie in brown and two shades of blue, tan and white shirt, white socks, pattern gloves, and brown calf shoes.

Illustration by John H. Jones and created by the artist in the style of the artist.



...you'd pick a

PORTIS FIRMA-VELT

But, brother, you'll be buying with your eyes wide open—for the new Portis styles and colors are eye opening. ... And, Portis Firma-Felt makes possible a "luxury" finish you'd look for in hats despite these prices:

\$5.00

Also \$3.95, \$6.00 and \$7.50

See your dealer - Compare - You'll pick Firma-Felt!

PORTIS FIRMA-VELT: All Portis hats are made in a new specially adapted production plant in New York. The extra expense required in making the extra felt which is the reason for the extra cost of all Portis hats.

PORTIS HATS, HAT CO., MANUFACTURERS, CHICAGO

CONWAY - \$3.00
Triple checked body felt
Checked band



WEST POINT - \$3.75
Minkie checked body felt
Checked band



CARLTON - \$5.00
Checked band with checkered
band



GREYER - \$3.75
Thin grey band, striped
band edge



DUBAN - \$3.75
Double checked band and
band edge





two on the nose

As a change from defense attire, these men turn to an outdoor hobby: meet for relaxation. They may or may not pick the stereotypical waders, but they are both on the river, Lake Mead. The first man went so far as to put on rubber clothes, which is correct for those who are enjoying the river. The riding jacket is brown, an brown-embroidered Harris Tweed. The off-white flannel shirt, sporting print wood ties, and the Tinseltown checked waistcoat suit very highly, as does his brown suede felt jacket hat. The corded pearl riding breeches are more or less regulation, but his sturdy boots with straps are used as a more recent civilian fashion, clipped from the military. The man seated on the slumping rock is wearing the brown and Sandstone Shetland jacket, moccasin and half women wool tie, flannel shirt, plaid down collar, and dark brown sports felt hat. His neutral shade corduroy shirt, with the narrow end, are even more often. Revere red Sandstone boots complete the outfit.

(The cartoon and illustrations, and adapted references and sketches to Esquire's Fashion Staff. All illustrations, © 1941)



“BUT... WHAT I REALLY MISS ARE MY

Van Heusen Shirts”



NO CAPITULATION TO LOWER STANDARDS

We expect here the excellent day with and new *Highlanders* come clothes to stand out as especially fine dressmaking. Men who wear *Highlanders* recognize how to dress for occasion. They have implicit confidence in the really fine quality and distinctive styling of the *Highlanders* you select this fall.



H. C. NETTELSON COMPANY • STRACOS, N. Y.

RETAILER at leading department stores

Time Out of Mind

Continued from page 421

ing the sidewalk and the ceiling of his hotel room the morning, for I kept my head to the dinner of his coming. He must have been in as usual the morning of the night, but I could not tell from the dimly lit window. I could not tell from the dimly lit window. I could not tell from the dimly lit window.

He must have been in as usual the morning of the night, but I could not tell from the dimly lit window. I could not tell from the dimly lit window. I could not tell from the dimly lit window.

Every day for a week after that I sat at my window table and every day at breakfast I expected for the man. He would be expected to my room the morning, but he did not do so the next day. He did not do so the next day. He did not do so the next day.

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First Flush!



Days in the uplands with a brace of keen dogs. Time now to visit A.M.F. and V.L.M.A. to try the balance of game made to fit your own shoulder. Our racks hold the finest available sporting wares, and all standard make in every price range.

Complete selections of shooting equipment.

Carrying on request

Parker-Shelton, all grades... \$100.00 to \$200.00
E. C. Smith, Shelton, all grades... \$100.00 to \$200.00
Remington-Union... \$100.00 to \$200.00
Fox-Shelton, all grades... \$100.00 to \$200.00



ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO. HADDON • 100 N. STREET • NEW YORK

VON LINGENKOE & ANTOINE • 100 N. STREET • NEW YORK

Continued on page 224

WHIRLWIND ON WIRE!



HUBERT CASTLE

—Millions thrill to his aerial wizardry—share his preference for the extra-mild cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke—Camel

● A slim cable of steel—held at 3,500-pound tension by coil spring. The slightest mis in balance or footing can toss you like a bullet into plenty of trouble. And the wizard on this bounding wire (*above*) is the one and only Hubert Castle. His one and only cigarette is the brand that gives the scientific assurance of less nicotine in the smoke.

● Hubert Castle worked 6 years—broke an arm, a leg, 3 ribs—to perfect the whirlwind series of somersaults and hoop jumps he performs on his bounding wire. But before you try any of his tricks on your clothes-line, think it over... with a Camel. And remember: Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower burning mean extra mildness.



The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

"CASTLE IN THE AIR." That featured billing in the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus program means Hubert Castle, photographed with Mrs. Castle at Madison Square Garden, New York (*above*).

And to the Hubert Castles—to millions of other smokers—Camels mean smoking pleasure at its flavorful best—with the extra mildness and extra freedom from nicotine that only Camel's matchlessly blended, costlier tobaccos can give.

But the proof of Camel's advantages is in the smoking... in the very *smoke itself* (see findings above, right). So try Camels. Smoke them critically. Discover for yourself what a real difference Camels, with their slower-burning, costlier tobaccos, can make in your every smoking moment.

For convenience—economy—buy by the carton.



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS